LEO BURNETT COMPANY, *Inc.*

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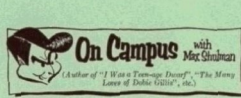
Notre Dame Scholastic, January 18, 1960
Navy Log, January 18, 1960 (A)
The Pointer, January 25, 1960



APPAREL OFT PROCLAIMS THE MAN

The bounds of spring are on winter's traces. Soon we will be shedding our mukluks and union suits and putting on our spring finery. And what does Dame Fashion decree for the coming season?

(Dame Fashion, incidentally, is not, as many people believe, a fictitious character. She was a real Englishwoman who lived in Elizabethan times and, indeed, England is greatly in her debt. During the invasion of the Spanish Armada, Dame Fashion—not yet a Dame but a mere, unlettered country lass named Becky Sharp—during the invasion, I say, of the Spanish Armada, this dauntless girl stood on the white cliffs of Dover and turned the tide of battle by rallying the sagging morale of the British fleet with this stirring poem of her own composition:

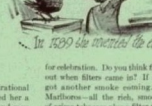
Don't be gutless,
Men of Britain,
Swing your cutlass,
We ain't guttie'.
Smash the Spanish,
Sink their boats,
Make 'em vanish,
Like a horse makes oats.
For G-d Queen Bess,
Good sirs, you gotta
Make a mess
Of that Armada.
You won't fail!
Knock 'em flat!
Then we'll drink ale
And stuff like that.

As a reward for these inspirational verses Queen Elizabeth dubbed her a Dame, made her poet laureate, and gave her the Western Hemisphere except Duluth. But this was not the extent of Dame Fashion's services to queen and country. In 1580 she invented the egg. In 1590, alas, she was arrested for poaching and imprisoned for thirty years in a butt of malmsey. This later became known as Guy Fawkes Day).

But I digress. Let us get back to spring fashions.

Certain to be popular again this year is the cardigan (which, curiously enough, was named after Lord Cardigan, who commanded the English fleet against the Spanish Armada. The sweater is only one product of this fertile Briton's imagination. He also invented the bull-pen hammer, the gerund, and the rudar, without which chewing, as we know it today, would not be possible).

But I digress. The cardigan, I say, will be back, which is cause for rejoicing. Why? Because the cardigan has nice big pockets in which to carry your Marlboro Cigarettes—and that, good buddies, is ample reason



for celebration. Do you think flavor went out when filters came in? If so, you've got another smoke coming. I mean Marlboros—all the rich, smooth flavor of prime tobaccos plus a filter that really filters. So slip into your cardigan and his yourself to your tobacconist for some good Marlboros. They come in soft pack or flip-top box. Cardigans come in pink for girls and blue for boys.

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If you're a filter smoker, try Marlboros. If you're a non-filter smoker, try Philip Morris. If you're a television watcher try Max Shulman's "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis"—Tuesday nights, CBS.

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